

MERE MAN ASSAILED LAST NIGHT AT THE THEATERS

Women Drive Attorney General to Desperate Defense.

PLY HIM WITH 1,000 LETTERS

Demand That He Appeal from Decision Against Law Prohibiting Children from Working After 9 p. m.—Official Wants to Find Out Who Started the Excitement.

New York, Dec. 24.—Attorney General Julius M. Mayer is reconciled to his defeat for re-election, although he wanted to win again.

The women have done it. They have worked a sort of endive chain on him. And the unkindest thing about it is that it was worked on the assumption that because he was defeated he had no more interest in doing his sworn duty. That is what makes him especially tired.

Every morning for the last ten days, whether Mr. Mayer has been in his office in Albany or in the one in this city, he has entered softly and has gone to the mail clerk and whispered:

"How many of 'em have you got this morning?"

"Only 107 this morning," or something like that, has been the answer.

"Want to read 'em?"

Then Mr. Mayer has mopped his brow and asked:

"All just like the rest, aren't they?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, just send 'em back a copy of the new form letter I had to make out."

The attorney general has gone to his desk and every day has rung all the bells on it at once, from telephone signals down.

Bars Up Against Delegations.

Messengers and assistants, clerks and stenographers have rushed in. This is the burden of what he has had to say to them:

"If any representatives of women's clubs, charity organizations, working girls' unions, philanthropic institutions, settlements of any kind, and especially if the head worker of the Amalgamated Association of Left-handed Women, come in or call me up on the telephone, question 'em hard, and if you find that they want to talk to me about appealing from the recent decision of the Appellate Division that the part of the labor law forbidding women and children to work after 9 o'clock at night is not constitutional, tell 'em I'm out. Also, be sure and tell every mother's son of 'em no, I mean every father's daughter of 'em—that I'm going to appeal the case to the Court of Appeals."

"Make it plain to 'em that I'm still on the job. Appeal to 'em to have pity on the gray hairs of a poor old attorney general. And, by the way, if you can find out who it was that started that yarn among these kind-hearted women that I did not intend to do my plain duty, do so. I want to get after that person. That is worse than being defeated for election."

Women Could Not Understand.

For ten days the representatives of all kinds of organizations to better the cause of humanity have streamed into the attorney general's office and demanded to see him personally with regard to the appeal from the recent labor law decision.

Attorney General Mayer tried to explain to all that the reason he was not in court to argue before the Appellate Division on the appeal was because it had been agreed upon on both sides that the appeal from the Appellate Division decisions in the case should be submitted entirely by briefs. His woman callers were not satisfied, and the attorney general, exasperated by their persistency in wanting to see him personally, finally issued the instructions noted above.

Mr. Fields' Case Appealed.

"The Herald unintentionally erred in stating that Thomas M. Fields is serving a term in prison," said Attorney Frank J. Hogan, chief counsel for Mr. Fields, yesterday. "Mr. Fields' case, which was continued, was appealed from the trial court to the District Court of Appeals, where the judgment against him in connection with the alleged misappropriation of the funds of the Washington Endowment Association was affirmed. From the judgment of the Court of Appeals we appealed to the United States Supreme Court, in which tribunal the case is now pending. The appeal acts as a stay of execution, and Mr. Fields is now, as he has been since his trial, at his home in Washington." Important questions relating to the jurisdiction of the United States Supreme Court in cases arising in this District are involved in the Fields case, and the decision of the Supreme Court's motion to dismiss the appeal is awaited with interest by the local bar.

Complaints of Stygian Darkness.

Mrs. Morris L. Croxall, 1285 Spring road, in a letter to the "Stygian darkness," calls attention to the "Stygian darkness" that prevails on Holmead avenue, between Otis place and Spring road, and requests that lights be installed. Mrs. Croxall has been informed that the request will be kept on file and given full consideration as soon as the appropriation warrants the erection of additional lamps.

Temporary Judge Named.

Justice Stafford has appointed Thomas H. Callan judge pro tempore of the juvenile court, to act in case of sickness or absence or other disabilities interfering with Judge William H. De Lacy in the performance of his duties. Judge Callan's appointment covers the period from January 1 to December 31, 1907.

Gives \$5,000 for China Famine.

The first contribution received at the State Department under the President's call for funds for the relief of famine sufferers in China was a check for \$5,000 from Louis Klopsch, editor of the Christian Herald, of New York.

WELCOME, MERRY CHRISTMAS.

(An old English carol.)

Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall,
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome Merry Christmas.

And, oh! remember, gentles say,
For you who back in January's day,
The year is all a holiday;
The poor have only Christmas.

When you with velvet mantled o'er
Defy December's tempest's roar,
Oh! spare one garment from your store,
To clothe the poor at Christmas.

When you the costly banquet deal
To guests, and feast on festive fare,
Oh! spare one goblet from your bowl,
To cheer the poor at Christmas.

When you feed your dear ones with
And give new joy to hapless souls,
Oh! spare one gift from your hoard,
To cheer the poor at Christmas.

So shall each note of mirth appear
To greet the poor at Christmas,
And angels, in their carols there,
Shall bless the poor at Christmas.

I SAW YOUR AD IN THE HERALD

"The Prince of India."

A Massive and Effective Production of "The Prince of India." A dramatization from Lew Wallace's historical romance, as presented at the National Theater last night, affords abundant opportunity for effective acting as well as heavy and spectacular scenic environment. It cannot truthfully be said that in the latter feature there is more appeal, for the dramatic quality of the play, interpreted by a first-class company, as in the present instance, would engage the ordinary interest without resort to lavish investiture. Essentially a more dramatic story than "Ben-Hur," it works up as well from the scenic standpoint.

The story turns on the capture of Constantinople by the Turks. The scene is laid at the Byzantine capital, and beside the historic characters introduced, we have one of legendary character introduced by Gen. Wallace. It is "The Prince of India," who embodies the author's conception of the "Wandering Jew," that unhappy creature who was commanded by the suffering Nazarene to tarry until his return. His offer of the means of victory to Constantine, his rejection, his bestowal of the sword and power of Solomon upon Mohammed, thereby invoking upon himself another century of misery, are all striking episodes, but the chief interest centers in the beautiful love story of Mohammed and the Princess Irene.

The production is extremely massive in scenic detail, consisting of a prologue and five acts, the latter embracing ten effective scenes, and while none of them, perhaps, equals the chariot race, several are very powerful. The Empress Irene's palace, the audience hall of the imperial palace, and the Church of St. Sophia are especially noteworthy, while the scene depicting the fall of the battlements and the rush of the Saracens is a vivid picture of battle.

The four principal characters, the Emperor Constantine, Prince Mohammed, the Princess Irene, and the Wandering Jew, are all impersonated by capable actors. Mr. Emmet Corrigan essays the title role, and gives a striking delineation of the cursed Hebrew. His enunciation is peculiarly effective, and he is able to create a picture which lives in the mind after the curtain's fall. Mr. William Farnum, as Mohammed, gives all the advantages derived from a fine presence, good elocution, and correct conception. His work in the second act, when he appears as the Singing Sheikh, is especially pleasing. Mr. Roy Putnam appears as Constantine, and gives a thoroughly convincing portrayal, with fine declamatory power as its leading constituent. A good impression was created by Julius McVickers as the Emir Mirza.

The important role of Irene is undertaken by Miss Adelaide Keim, and she presents a delineation thoroughly in keeping with the strength of the character, and takes full advantage of all of its opportunities. She has a clear, well-modulated voice, and is especially pleasing in the love episodes, while she expresses the dramatic passages with more than passing power.

The supporting company is unusually large, the programme displaying a long list of most interesting personages who figure in the dialogue, and the performance shows several hundred who figure only in the action. The mob and battle scenes are worked up to approximate realism, and as a whole the production is entirely suitable as a holiday diversion.

THE RED WINDOW.

By FERGUS HUME.

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CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"That is true enough," said Durham.

"But for the sin of Walter Gore, Michael, with his wonderful resemblance to Bernard, would not have been able to plot as he did."

"Well! well! He is an exile and has been punished."

"When can you prove his guilt, as I suppose you intend to do," said the lawyer, grimly. "I'll do my best to have him brought back and hanged. You will be pleased at that."

Mrs. Gilroy laughed in a hollow manner, and cast a strange look at the lawyer, "I should be pleased indeed," she said, "but there's no such luck. Hanging is not Beryl's dukkerpen."

"That's a gypsy word," "I was found and brought up by gypsies," said Mrs. Gilroy, indifferently. "I know I am not of Roman blood. But I learned a few secrets from the Roman," added Mrs. Gilroy, her eyes flashing, "and when I was relating to drabbling—if you know what that means—may come in useful this day."

"What does 'drabbling' mean?"

"It has to do with drabs," said Mrs. Gilroy, "and when you are relating to drabbling—the meaning of both words before the end of this day." And she began to sing softly:

"The Roman's son,
And the Roman's son,
Shall be found,
To drab the lawyer,
And drab the gypsies."

Durham thought that her illness had affected her. He did not say anything, but resolved to get her examination over as quickly as possible. A clerk entered at the moment, carrying a typewriting machine, which he set down on a small table near at hand.

"I think it will be best that your words should be taken down by the machine," said Durham, turning to Mrs. Gilroy, "as the writer can keep up with your speech." "You please," said Mrs. Gilroy, coolly. "I have to sign my statement in the presence of witnesses, you and this young man."

"But why do you—"

"There, there," said the woman, impatiently. "He did not say anything, but he said as quickly as she spoke, Durham, pencil in hand, made a note occasionally."

"I am a founding," said Mrs. Gilroy, smoothly and sweetly. "I was picked up by some gypsies called Lovel, in the New Forest. I was with them till I came of age. I was then a pretty girl. In our wanderings we came to Hurston. There I saw Walter Gore at a fair. I did not know he was married, as we stopped at Hurston only a short time. We went away. Walter followed and said he loved me. He married me at last. We went abroad—then came back to London. When my child, Michael, was born, I learned the truth. For Walter had deserted me. I went down to Hurston to see Sir Simon. He sent me to the States with Michael, my son. Walter sent me money."

"It is slightly different to what Michael said," remarked Durham, "I understood that you never saw Sir Simon till you returned from the States."

"Michael doesn't know everything," said Mrs. Gilroy, impatiently. "I tell my

"The Rose of the Alhambra" at the Belasco.

Charles Emerson Cook and Lucius Homer, spendrifts of incident and melody, have lavished enough of these ordinarily precious commodities on "The Rose of the Alhambra" to supply all reasonable needs of three comic operas of standard density. The piece was presented at the Belasco last night before a large Christmas Eve audience, and went very well considering that it was practically the premiere of the work. There were hitches behind the scenes and hesitation on the part of principals and chorus before, but no doubt these defects will disappear with the second performance and the action go forward with smoothness and greater spirit. But radical pruning will have to be done to cure the essential defects of the work due to the authors' prodigality in incident and melody. There is a pretty enough story half-concealed and half-revealed in the tangled mass of often unrelated happenings and not infrequently malapropos melodies.

This story can only be clarified and fitted to arouse and sustain interest by sweeping use of the blue pencil. As the title indicates, the action takes place in Spain, the time that of the maniac King Philip V, whose wild vagaries furnish the ground-work for the comedy, while a maiden brought up by an ascetic aunt in a haunted tower of the Alhambra supplies the basis for the romance. But in both comedy and romance a tiresome confusion ensues because of the surfeit of incident and the dragging in of musical numbers that have little connection with the thread of the story. The long-drawn-out second scene of the second act is distinctly amateurish, while the first scene of that act, fine and effective considered by itself, quite out of key with everything that precedes and comes after. It has no place in a performance where the comedy, or burlesque, rather, is so broad and harsh as that perpetrated by Mr. Heron as the king, Mr. Casavant as the friar, and some of their supporters. In the third act Mr. Casavant has a topical song of a familiar burlesque Spanish type that will make a hit when it has been thoroughly rehearsed.

Miss Agnes Cain Brown's clear, sweet, and alluring voice was heard to great advantage in several pretty solos. She is easily the most accomplished artist in the cast, and she worked earnestly last night to give interest and spirit to the performance. But she is greatly handicapped by the crudity and inconsistency of her role, and the swamping of interest by the excess of incident, distinctly unnecessary to the development of the story. Mr. Heron worked hard enough to make the part of the foolish king amusing to the audience, but there is little unconsciousness to his humor. Mr. Norman, who appeared as Rinaldo, the bandit, could not do himself justice vocally, because of a severe cold. Mr. Vernon, as Ruyz, the page, and the hero of the work, was nervous and ill at ease, and his pleasant voice was largely wasted in consequence. There are many attractive choruses—too many, in fact—and several of them were sung with skill and accuracy. The quartet in the second scene of the second act, "Castles in Spain," will be an undoubted go with the participants learn to sing it as well as the whole of the production is entirely suitable as a holiday diversion.

The supporting company is unusually large, the programme displaying a long list of most interesting personages who figure in the dialogue, and the performance shows several hundred who figure only in the action. The mob and battle scenes are worked up to approximate realism, and as a whole the production is entirely suitable as a holiday diversion.

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set for the last act disclosed the beautiful Moorish architecture for which Southern Spain is famous.

Kyrle Bellew in "Brigadier Gerard"

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's efforts as a writer of plays, as exemplified by "Brigadier Gerard," which Kyrle Bellew presented at the Columbia Theater last night, cannot be said to overshadow his reputation as an author. "Brigadier Gerard," as an addition to the library, is undeniable. It unfolds a plot of intrigue and diplomacy of the last days of Napoleon's Empire with remarkable ingenuity and discrimination. As a play, when one takes into consideration two things—first, the author's positive genius when it comes to tense situations and intricacies of plot; and second, the number of stirring dramatic plays which have been written of the era in consideration—"Brigadier Gerard" falls below the standard of even the conventional, swashbuckling, sword-and-dust drama, and takes the form, in many of its phases, of none too delicately veiled satire. In this state, however, it is interesting. At times the dialogue is brilliant, and many of the scenes are full of dramatic promise; but there is always a sense of the falling away of situations elaborately built up, the crumbling away of pastboard structures.

If constructive weaknesses can be overlooked for the sake of heroic posturing; if conventionality of action can be atoned for by originality of motive, and liberties taken with historic personages condoned for by dramatic effect, "Brigadier Gerard" will pass readily for an entertainment of a purely fleeting nature, but it cannot be taken seriously, even as a comedy.

Mr. Kyrle Bellew, who is one of the characteristic figures of the heroic drama, seemed, with his polished manner and easy, graceful acting, to embody the author's conception with painstaking insight. Gerard is unlike the kind of hero Mr. Bellew is accustomed to portraying. In that he is a dull, slow-witted fellow who blunders into performing his duty, rather than a brilliant devil-may-care intriguer. Gerard is just a plain soldier, a hard-fought champion, a persistent, though matter-of-fact lover. He fights his duels methodically, and brags and prates a little about his own exploits. With his creative ability, Mr. Bellew's dramatic conception is somewhat lacking. A. G. Poulton has the figure and slight facial resemblance necessary to the part, and made an acceptable addition to the long line of Napoleonic of the stage. Mr. Bellew's character study was Henry Harmon's Talleyrand. The cast is replete with minor parts admirably embodied by Sidney C. Mather, Guy Nichols, Hayward Gilin, Melville Johnston, Cyril Young, George S. Stevens, and Ellis Ferguson.

The stage settings were handsome, the scene of the messroom, with the hussars in their brilliant uniforms, making a striking feature, at both the beginning and end of the play.

Two Big Audiences Enjoy an Attractive Holiday Bill at Chase's.

The holiday entertainers at Chase's yesterday afternoon and evening contributed each his share to an aggregate bill most attractive to vaudeville admirers, as two of the featured houses testified.

Volta, who could never be executed in New York because of his ability to withstand, apparently, an enormous voltage of electricity, and Foster, in a musical comedy.

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DAILY FASHION HINT.



Velvet Chapeau in High Favor.

Nothing is so becoming to the pretty face and softens the lines of an unattractive one as does the velvet hat. The undulating brim, with its soft Tam o' Shanter crown, is one of the most modish of these velvet hats, and is trimmed as are most of our dressy hats this season, with a beautiful ostrich plume placed at one side of the crown and left to droop in a graceful manner over the side of the wide brim.

ed, "The Volunteer Pianist," were the widely-separated poles of the performance, equally good in their way. Volta gave an exhibition far out of the ordinary, and while he may use rubber shoes and other electrical-proof appliances, or may depend upon trickery, his familiarity with the usually dead-dealing current is sufficiently unique to arouse intense interest. Connected by wires to powerful motors, his whole body seemed to act as a conductor, and he was able to weld together pieces of iron, held in the naked hand and submerged in water, and to set afire cloths touched to his shoes and hair.

Foster, in an entertaining musical sketch a little out of the customary in that real ability was characteristic of the team. Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne presented entertainingly their familiar sketch, "Gossiping an Opportunity." Mr. Victoria's trained dog, McPhee and Hill, acrobats; Dave Lewis and Mury K. Hill, each offering a rather luckless monologue, and Cooke and Madison, in a comedy of comic songs and laughter-making stunts, completed the bill. The clapping pictures were lost in the rush of Santa Claus mail, but the management promised that they would turn up for later presentation, and in their stead last week's pictures were shown.

Bright Burlesque at the Lyceum.

Sam Rice, Hebrew impersonator, and a company of burlesquers, brightened the hearts of the patrons of the New Lyceum yesterday by dispensing comedy and music in two burlesques entitled "The Hair to the Hoopla" and a "Necktie Party." Patti Carney, a favorite with the Lyceum audience, sang several ballads. Others in the olio were Edythe Murry, the toy artist; Ward and Raynor, Burton and Jerge, parodists, and the Ferrell Brothers, in an excellent cycle act.